

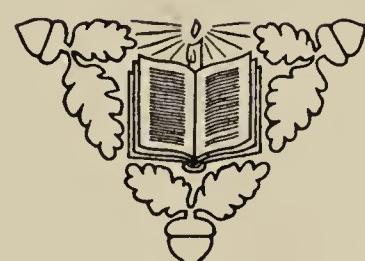
23-24

The Cheer





The Chaper



VOLUME XVI

1923 - 24

St. Joseph's College
Collegeville, Indiana

The Cheer



ST. JOE, WIN OR LOSE—ST. JOE ALWAYS

VOL. XVI.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1923.

NO. 1.

St. Joe Gridmen to Clash With Lake Forest Today

When the whistle blows today at Lake Forest, St. Joe football squad will open the hardest season in its history. The squad until now has been an unknown quantity, but today's game will show much. The men realize full well that the course before them is a stiff one, and accordingly every man is out with blood in his eyes.

Eight letter men remain from last year's undefeated team. These are Capt. Weier, "Jim" Hipskind, O'Connor, Ted Liebert, Castillo, Lucke, Aldrich and Hoban. However, among the new faces are some very husky and likely looking lads, and Coach Radican should find excellent material for a heavy, aggressive line.

At center, Hoban, last year's pivot man, and Trahe, an elongated lad from Michigan City, are struggling for a position. Because of his experience Hoban will probably receive first call. Jeffers, a young giant with some experience, looks good as one of the guards. On the other side Hoffman, of basketball fame, is bidding high for a position. Both of these men can pass and kick which renders them doubly valuable. Buckley, Beckman, and Cletus Hipskind, the other candidates, have shown flashes of varsity form and with a little more seasoning these huskies will make a dangerous bid for honors. Castillo and Lucke will in all probability be selected as tackles, though Hempfling who is also very shifty, may break into the limelight before the season ends. Stock also may receive a chance.

In the backfield and on the wings

Coach Radican is confronted by a question. Ted Liebert, the dashing and aggressive end of last year will undoubtedly remain at his old post. On the other side, however, there is quite a gap, since Capt. Weier has been shifted to the pilot's position in the backfield. The selection of a man for the other end will depend upon the choice for backfield positions. Lyons Norm, Liebert, Klen, Fleck, John Hipskind and Gunderman have been shifted back and forth in practice quite a bit, here it is a matter of uncertainty as to who will start. O'Connor is slated for one of the halves, and should give a good account of himself. Jim Hipskind has been used regularly at fullback in practice lately and will undoubtedly start in that position. The other halfback position is undecided as we go to press, but Aldrich and Gunderman thus far appear competent.

All in all, the prospects look good. With five men in the forward wall, averaging 170 pounds we should have a staunch defense and also a dangerous outfit to open holes for our backs. The ends should be fast and fairly adept in the receiving line. In the backfield, Weier, an old hand, who knows football, will undoubtedly spring many surprises before the season is over. Then too, this man can be counted upon as a reliable ground gainer. Jim Hipskind, O'Connor and Aldrich form the rest of the tentative backfield, and with Hipskind driving off tackle and through the line and O'Connor and Aldrich circling the ends, we should have a fairly well balanced team.

COLUMBIANS TO PRESENT PROGRAM

The first literary production of the season will be presented by the Columbians on Oct. 12. It will be as follows:

'JULIUS CAESAR'—A BURLESQUE Cast

Julius Caesar—Ralph Mueller.
Marcus Antonius—Aloysius Sobczak.
Cassius—Albert Bushkuhl.
Brutus—Ferd Hartman.
Trebonius—Clemens Koors.
Casca—Sylvester Ziemer.
Lucius—Urban Wimmers.
1st. Stage Hand—Alph. Lucke.
2nd. Stage Hand—Syl. Schmelzer.
General Understudy—John Sabo.

Also the C. L. S. will give:

"GOING HOME."

Cast

Judge—A. Hoffman.
Plaintiff—A. Bastin.
Defendant—A. Gorman.
Policeman—A. Mossong.
Clerk of Courts—H. Carmichael.
Col. Fayerwatheth—C. Boldrick.

Besides this there will be a short address by the Vice-President Marcus Vogel, an inaugural by Philip Rose, our president, a dramatic reading by James Hoban and a debate between Gordon Hagstrom and Carl Willacher.

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE TO DATE

October 6, Lake Forest academy, away.

October 13, Culver Military academy, away.

October 20, Loyola university, here.

October 27, Elmhurst college of Chicago, here.

Manager Froehle has succeeded in booking games for every Saturday in October and in all probability will fill at least three dates in November. Due to the absence of Manager Ebertshaeuser it was quite a difficult task to step in at the last minute and fill the schedule immediately. Manager Froehle deserves much credit for what he has already accomplished.

Columbian Literary Society

Sunday, Sept. 16, the Columbian Literary society met for the first time during the scholastic year of 1923-24 with a goodly number of old members present. The chief feature of the meeting was the election of officers. The choice of the society was as follows: Philip J. Rose, president; Marcus A. Vogel, vice-president; Albin H. Ratermann, secretary; H. Arthur Froehle, treasurer, and Francis L. Fate, critic. The executive board comprises Edwin M. Minneman, Carl W. Willacker, and James H. Hoban. Adolph Petit was appointed to the position of marshal.

The C. L. S. again welcomes Father Rapp C. PP. S., as its director, and Mr. Honan as chief parliamentarian. The society is indeed fortunate in having such able directors and officers and bids fair to accomplish much during the coming year.

One more the C. L. S. met on Sept. 23 to augment its number by taking in new members. These new members were welcomed both by the applause of the veteran members and addresses by Father Ildephons and Mr. Honan. Everything was pleasant and when the society adjourned every member, both new and old, was proud to say that he was a Columbian.

NEWMAN LITERARY SOCIETY

This year again we find Father Maurice Ehleringer C. PP. S. at the helm of the Newman Literary society after an absence of a year. There is no conjecturing about the success of the Newman Literary society this year. We all know what the name "Newman" always stood for in the days of Father Maurice's leadership, but, all the same we are wishing his society a fruitful year; a year future Newmans will despair of equalling.

The first meeting was called on Sunday, Sept. 3. The results of the election follows: Joseph Ludwig is president; Daniel Costillo, vice-president; John Monahan, secretary; Lawrence Fleck, treasurer; Norman Liebert, critic; and Joseph Reardon is marshal. The advisory board consists of A. Aldrich, F. Weier, and H. Kahle.

The Raleigh club is again under way for the year; a year replete with "hales" and music. Father Albert Gerhardstein is once more at the head and his aides, the officers are: Richard Meier, president; Theodore Liebert, vice-president; Abel Bastin, secretary; Edward O'Brien, treasurer; and Adolph Petit, marshal. The club also has "Jazz" Boehm at the piano and the major part of the orchestra likewise. Robert Picard has been kind enough to install his radio in the club room. With this equipment there surely should be no need to be blue if you are a member of the club.

NOTES

This year we have lost a few members of the class of '24. George Saum has taken up seminary life at St. Meinrad seminary, St. Meinrad, Indiana. Henry Ebertshaeuser is now with the Redemptorists at Kirkwood, Missouri, and our 'Phiz,' alias, Werner Rauh has joined the congregation of The Most Precious Blood and is now with the community students at Carthagena, Ohio.

One of the ministers who declares that prize fighting must go, says: "What I object to is a brutal fight." Fortunately his reverence is not compelled to take part in one. And he need not even witness one unless he wants to. It is doubtful if any considerable proportion of the boxing champions are devout Episcopalians and the minister is therefore not even called upon, out of soliditude for the souls of the boxers, to mix himself up in a business which is so distasteful to him. It would be different if boxers tried to kill one another. It is true that a boxer gets hurt occasionally. But there is more blood spilt on the football field than in the boxing ring. Perhaps when boxing has been outlawed football will follow. Then tennis. Then golf. And people will be so grateful to the ministers who purged the world of all its evils.

Says a contemporary: "A great man recently said that the world is at the cross roads. But the dickens of it is the sign is down and no one seems to know just the direction to take." No, the sign is not down. The old Church is still at the crossroads directing the traffic. But there are so many bootleg cops at the crossings that travelers are confused by discordant voices, contrary instructions and contradictory advice.

Thanks are due to a helpful writer who reminds us that it is wrong to pick the teeth with a fork. This is one of those little things which we are so apt to forget unless we are constantly reminded. Thousands of good forks have been spoiled in this way.

Father Ronald Knox, the distinguished convert son of an Anglican bishop, admitted the other day that the Church was out to convert England "by hook or by crook." By a clever adaptation of an old phrase (which I suppose some unimaginative antagonist will promptly quote as proof of Catholic craftiness), Father Knox symbolized the Church as the Fisher of Men and the Shepherds of Souls.

—Catholic World.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

At the first meeting of the Athletic association, the following were elected to offices: Theodore Liebert, president; Lawrence McGuire, secretary; and Thomas Neff, treasurer. The A. A. board comprises Edward O'Connor, John Klen, Alphonse Hoffman, Herbert Weier, James Lauer, and James Hoban.

It was at this meeting that the new director, Father Koenn C. PP. S. made a few remarks regarding his position as faculty director of athletics. The "Cheer" in the name of the students, wishes Father Koenn every success, and promises loyal support and co-operation with him in all matters he may undertake.

At the first meeting of the A. A. board, the chief business was the election of a football manager to succeed Henry Ehertshauser. The choice fell on Arthur Froehle, who will enjoy the help of John Byrue in the capacity of assistant manager.

LEO GATTES GOES ABROAD

We take note that Leo. A. Gattes, of the class of '23, and last year's associate editor of the "Cheer" sails for Cherbourg, France on Oct. 2. Thence he goes to Fribourg, Switzerland to take up philosophy. Mr. Gattes has joined the Marianhill Foreign Mission society and his duties call him to Europe at once. The hearty wishes of Collegeville go with this young man on his journey and all through life. Godspeed!

PUTTING IN THE PUNCH

When Hamlet undertook to knock His uncle for a city block,
He first went mad—
A way he had,
When anything he started—
And then, with little more ado,
He stabbed and slashed, and killed
and slew,
Until the floor of Elsinore
Was piled with the departed.
When Romeo and Juliet
At Capulet's reception met,
They hugged and kissed,
And made a tryst
For further osculation.
And then the relatives stepped out,
And staged a lively stabbing bout,
Till half the town
Was soon mowed down,
And steeped in consternation.
When Richard Third desired a throne,
That he could call his very own,
With his good sword
He killed a horde
Of those who dared to flout him.
And when his royal blood was spilled
The people said;
"The king is dead,
But we can do without him."
Shakespearian drama we regard
As fine and noble stuff,
But we will say this for the bard,
He sure could write 'em rough.

—J. J. Montague.

Faculty Notes

During the last year the older students have had in their minds the hope that two splendid professors would return to St. Joe soon. These two had been away to the Catholic university, but still they were here in our hearts and in our fondest memories. Father Koester C. P.P. S. and Father Koenn C. P.P. S. have returned to take their positions on the teaching staff and to make student dreams come true. By Jove, fathers, you don't know how good it is to have you here with us once more! The only thing we can say is, "Most welcome."

Their return, however, is the loss of two other members of the faculty: Father Sponar, who has been assigned to mission work; and Father Brunswick, who is taking parish duties in Ottawa, Ohio. We need not wish these fathers success because we know what they are made of, and whatever they set their hands to, will spell success. Nevertheless, such is our wish. Then too, we hope that they will not forget to "drop in" on St. Joe once in a while to pay us a visit.

Father Clement Schuette C. P.P. S. having been granted a well deserved vacation left early in May for a trip through Europe. The trip must have been pleasant to a man of Father Clement's personality and knowledge. The "Cheer" expresses the hope that some of the travel experiences may find a place in its columns. Come on Father! Please; we're interested.

Many a man who cannot save anything else is able to store up trouble for himself.

Does dandruff bother you? Worry about it until you are bald and the dandruff will leave.

Do your trousers bag at the knees? Loan them to a bowlegged man and he will take the bag out.

Hoffman: "Why did you get thrown out of the Glee Club?"

Weier: "For singing."

The height of ideals is not always measured by the length of one's hair, nor the lowness of the collar and the effusion of the tie.

PLEASANTRIES

A jovial individual saw an announcement in a plumber's window the other day. It read: "Iron sinks" and he went in and told the man that he knew iron sank.

"Yes," said the smart shop-keeper, "and time flies, but wine vaults, grass slopes, and music stands; Niagara falls, moonlight walks, sheep run and holiday trips; scandal spreads, indi-rubber tires, the organ stops; the whole world goes round, and trade returns."

The jovial one bolted.

Then he returned, put his head in at the door, and remarked: "Yes, I know; and marble busts!"

Mrs. Overwater had a deadly gleam in her eye as she entered her butcher's shop and said in a withering voice:

"Mr. Aichbon, how do you account for the fact that there was a piece of rubber tire in the sausages I bought here yesterday?"

"Ah, my dear Madam," responded the butcher, rising to the occasion, "that just serves as an illustration of how the motor-car is replacing the horse everywhere nowadays."

The Boss: "What do you mean by such language? Are you the manager here or am I?"

Jones: "I know I'm not the manager."

The Boss: "Very well then, if you're not the manager, why do you talk like a blamed idiot?"

Native: "Herb, I saw a lot of tiger tracks about a mile north of here—big ones too."

Carmichael: "Good! Which way is south?"

She was a telephone operator, and ought to have known better than put the subscriber on the wrong number. He thought he was connected to the local theatre, and being in a hurry, he promptly asked for a box for two that night.

"But we don't have boxes for two," said a voice at the other end of the line.

"Isn't this the Lasca theatre?" he asked.

"Why no," was the answer. "This is Graves, the undertaker."

Beards are unsanitary, perhaps, but they are not quite so amusing as an emotional Adam's Apple.

HOW TO READ THE STARS IN THE FLAG

Each star in the flag means something if you know how to read it. In the first place, each star in the flag of the United States and the state for which it stands, is fixed by law. The first classification of the states and of the stars which stood for them was made in 1787, and the final classification was made in 1912. So you see the stars are not thrown haphazard in the blue field, but each star has its place and its meaning, all of which have been fixed by law. The stars are arranged from left to right, beginning at the top of the blue field and the states are designated in the order of their ratification of the Constitution or admission to the Union. Therefore if you know the official classification you can tell just which star in the flag stands for your state and the order in which it was admitted into the Union.

The latest classification was:

First row—Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Georgia, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maryland, South Carolina.

Second row—New Hampshire, Virginia, New York, South Carolina, Rhode Island, Vermont, Kentucky, Tennessee.

Third row—Ohio, Louisiana, Indiana, Mississippi, Illinois, Alabama, Maine, Missouri.

Fourth row—Arkansas, Michigan, Florida, Texas, Iowa, Wisconsin, California, Minnesota.

Fifth row—Oregon, Kansas, West Virginia, Nevada, Nebraska, Colorado, North Dakota, South Dakota.

Sixth row—Montana, Washington, Idaho, Wyoming, Utah, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Arizona.

—Our Young People.

"The team that won't be beat, can't be beat," isn't a base slogan. Confidence goes a long way in the battle of life, as it does in football.

America learned many good lessons from the Great War, but apparently overlooked the greatest.

Sympathy is the safe-guard of the human soul against selfishness.—Carlyle.

The College Cheer

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STAFF

Albin H. Ratermann.....Editor-in-Chief
Francis L. Fate.....Associate Editor
James H. Hoban.....Sporting Editor
Edward A. O'Connor.....Contributing Editor

Address: Editor, The College Cheer,
Collegeville, Indiana.

Collegeville, Indiana, October 6, 1923

EDITORIALS

(The Cheer)

This, the first issue of our Cheer, signifies a bit more than mere inauguration of volume sixteen. It is that, yet more. Embodied in the pages of this maiden issue is the realization of our fondest desires, the accomplishment of our fixed endeavors—a greater publication for St. Joseph's.

The plausibility of increasing the number of issues from the annual fourteen to twenty per year seemed very doubtful indeed. Yet slight possibility waxed into high probability, this into certainty so that today we inaugurate a new era at this college.

And in our success we cannot disregard its causes. To the honor of this institution, to the credit of its student-body, and to the great delight of the Cheer, we hasten to style our body of students an exemplary one. Broad-minded, not bigoted, generous, not parsimonious, they have established a record in the support of their college publication. Exceptions, indeed, we regret to find; they are but harming themselves. To our subscribers we tender sincerest thanks; likewise, our heartiest appreciation to those who evidence their recognition of us by advertising in these columns. We can best show our gratitude by asking the students to patronize these respective friends.

Mere words of gratitude, however, seem trivial. In response to the grand spirit of the student-body we must labor with like zeal. To be a worthy organ of the student-body, a true mirror of college life, and a source of pleasure to our readers—these are the goals for which we strive. With the interests of all paramount in our objective, we shall uphold at all times those principles which incite to greater activities both at work and at play, those principles which insure that greatly coveted spirit among a group of students—brotherly love.

A HOME AWAY FROM HOME

But a few weeks ago we were still at home. Vacation's joys thrilled our youthful hearts; home, and all which that word implies, was ours. Yet every vacation has an ending. And thus it is that we, three weeks ago parcellled to the four winds, find ourselves assembled once more within the domains of St. Joseph's.

Sauntering desultorily among the students, we spy certain individuals nursing an attack of that age-old malady, homesickness. Perhaps our own immunity emboldens us to taunt the newcomer. Ought we to do so? Does this lad's action betray effeminacy? Contrariwise, he who feels no pangs of loneliness upon departure from home betrays a want of purely human emotion, he manifests a hardened heart.

A home away from home. Assuredly, "there is no place like home." Yet it is expedient that we, who for the sake of an education have left home, labor constantly to lend to our present environments a "homey" atmosphere. To do so is clearly to our own enjoyment. And this duty to ourselves and to our fellow-students is an easy one. Altruism, cheerfulness, sociability—these, yes, fraternal charity, assures us of a genuine, brotherly student-body, assures us of that for which we heartily wish—a home away from home.

RULES FOR LETTER-WRITING

Have you any unkind thoughts?
Do not write them down.
Write no word that giveth pain;
Written words may long remain.
Have you heard some idle tale?
Do not write it down.
Gossips may repeat it o'er,
Adding to its bitter store.
Have you any careless jest?
Bury it, and let it rest;
It may wound some loving breast.
Words of love and tenderness,
Words of truth and kindliness,
Words of comfort for the sad,
Words of gladness for the glad.
Words of counsel for the bad—
Wisely write them down.
Words, though small, are mighty things,
Pause before you write them;
Little words may grow and bloom
With bitter breath or sweet perfume;
Pray before you write them.

—Selected.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Through the medium of the editorial columns the Cheer staff gratefully acknowledges the services of Mr. Maurice Sonderman. The innovation on page one, the college seal, is the handicraft of this youthful artist.

A MERITED VOTE OF THANKS

Not of minor significance in the many alterations effected at St. Joseph's during the recent vacation is the succession of Father Koenn to Father Albin Scheidler as athletic director. Partly because of the duties of this office, control of athletics, partly because of the intimate bearing this position has on college life, but especially owing to the grand record established in recent years by Father Albin, the Cheer as the students' spokesman, cannot overlook this opportunity in voicing our heartiest appreciation of the untold labors, worries, and responsibilities willingly shouldered by our former director.

For 11 years Father Albin has directed athletics in a manner few could equal, none excel. The duties and responsibilities of this position are many. That he has bravely answered the call, that he has won, needs no proof in empty words. We need but glance at our records in the field of athletics during his supervision. Countless successes, indeed, are now grown dim, perhaps been extinguished in our memory. Yet in stately pride, in silent praise, stands our splendid gymnasium—an enduring monument to the zealous labors of Rev. Albin Scheidler. Though students have enjoyed its many accommodations for nine years the athletic paraphernalia is practically in perfect condition.

Though we are loth to see Father Albin surrender the position of athletic director, we rejoice in the opportunity afforded him of a well deserved rest. To Father Albin the Cheer in behalf of the students tenders heartiest thanks in appreciation of the splendid advancement enjoyed under his supervision.

"Did you fall?" said the young man, rushing to the rescue of an elderly lady who slipped on the icy pavement.

"Oh, no," she said. "I just sat down to see if I could find any four-leaf clovers."

YOUTH AND AGE

Often when age counsels youth it is done from a detached viewpoint. From the time of Adam, youth—with a few notable exceptions—has held the advice of his elders as the cheapest of commodities.

Youth rushes over the brow of the hill, hurrying along the road of life. Every passing breeze exalts him. The scent of the wayside flowers put joy into his heart. The retina of his eye gives the landscape a rose-hued aspect. His young muscles are vibrant with the desire for achievement. He is on the first leg of a journey of great adventure.

Then he meets age—here we speak of age with the jaundiced eye. Disillusioned age. Age full of "don't," "be carefuls" and "bewares."

Youth stops to listen to what age has to say. The doleful narrative is full of pitfalls ahead, of bogie men, and disaster. After age has concluded his story, youth looks around at the rose-hued landscape, breathes again the scent of the road-side blossoms, looks into the enchanting distance, and continues his journey.

On the altar of the aged—even those sour and disillusioned—let us say our deepest respect. Respect for the old

is the brightest jewel in the diadem of good manners.

The point is, Age and Youth, looking apparently in the same focus, see an entirely different picture. A radically different pageant of events flows across their vision. Youth sees romance. Age sees tragedy.

But in every case Age does not necessarily mean disillusionment. Many old people keep their feet planted in the sweet earth of life. Keeping their eyes on the stars, their feet have never left the ground. While not condoning the evils of life, they do not spend their days in moaning. They would right the wrongs of the world if they could, but that being impossible, they do the next best thing—they keep their youthful viewpoint—youthful, but seasoned with age.

When Youth meets this sort of Age he meets a comrade. He meets the whitened head but not the jaundiced eye.

And in this case we believe Youth has met a wise counsellor; one who leads by example; one who guides by suggestion rather than command; wise in his judgment of the relative values of the whole picture of life, and who when he dies at an advanced age, dies young.—Young Peoples' Magazine.

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Coaxing You to Laugh

Prof: "You should think of the future."

Vogel: "I can't. It's my girl's birthday, and I have to think of the present."

The small boy was being reproved by his mother.

"Why can't you be good?"

"I'll be good for a nickel."

"Ah," responded the mother, "You want to be bribed. You should copy your father and be good for nothing."

The city lass was enjoying her first visit in the country; "Oh," she cried, "look at those pretty cowlets over there, uncle," pointing to one of the calves.

County uncle: "Them ain't cowlets, miss, them's bullets."

A pale, proud girl turned to the big, heavy-browed man, who was gazing at her intently. He held a glittering knife in his hand. "Have you no heart?" she asked in low even terms.

"No!" he growled.

"Then give me ten cents worth of liver."

Prof: (To one habitually late) "On what day were you born, Izzy?"

Paulus: "April the second."

Prof: "Late then too, eh?"

Defendant: "Justice! Justice! I demand Justice!"

Judge: "Silence! The defendant will please remember that he is in a court-room."

E. F. Duvall, D. D. S.

Dentist

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PURPLE AND RED PATCHES

The A. A. board has selected Arthur Froehle to fill the gap created by the loss of Manager Ebertshaenser. Froehle is being ably assisted by "Johnny" Byrne.

The old south-side field has been abandoned and now the team is using the main campus. It is likely that the splendid new north-side campus will not be in condition this season.

The squad has been fortunate so far in not having sustained any serious casualties. Of course, there have been touches of "Charley Horse," bruises, and slight sprains, but these are only of a minor nature.

"Bill" Flynn, star of former years, is fighting for a berth on the Loyola university squad this season. Good luck, Bill, but look out when St. Joe hits Loyola!!

For some unknown reason Central Normal, of Danville, Ind., has cancelled its game with us. This leaves a gap in the schedule, but our live-wire manager, Froehle is hot on the trail of a team to fill the hole.

Many a pound of superfluous weight has been melted away in the past two weeks by the almost tropical sun; ask "Fat" Buckley.

Jeffers, O'Connor, Norm Liebert, and Hoffman, have been showing promise of developing into accurate drop-kickers. If Coach Radican can develop one of the squad into a consistent booter, the squad will be just that much the better.

"BO" McMILLAN

"Bo" McMillan, who was a pupil at Rockne's coaching school this summer, is a graduate of the Jesuit Prep school in Texas. When asked how it happened that he went to Centre college, "Bo" replied that all this talk about the Harvard game got under his skin. He said that the Prayin' Colonels whom he led in prayer more than once certainly should know the "Hail Mary" and the "Our Father" by this time.

—Catholic Columbian.

Candy

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The "Folks Back Home" Hear From Their "Hiram" at College

Dear Paw:

Wait till I git home Christmas, I sure will have lots to tell the fellers. You see one of the fellers here told me I orter go out for the football team. Wal I reckon as how I orter be able to play the game since I allus wuz purty good with the team of mules back home, so I asked him where you went to play the game. He told me to see the coach. I thought to myself this will be easy since I knowed you uster drive a coach, so off I started down to the barns. Wal Paw the fact of the matter is this kind of a team and coach is a new fangled idear and they haint no horses nor wagons in it.

After I got squared around I went over to the Jim. (that's what all us collegers call the Jinnashium), and the feller he gave me a thing just like your old undershirt. Next he give me a pare of pants with boards in them and told me to dress up, the socks and sooth he also give to me.

Wal Paw when we got out there on that field there wuz to great big posts on each end and across them wuz a bar. They look jist like the beginnin of a big hen roost, these are the gools.

Wal Paw as it is 8 thirty I will hafta close fur this time, I will tell you more about football next time. Tell Mommer that I haint got my red flannels on yet but that I'll put em on as soon as it gits colder. In the next letter I will also tell about the lights that don't need oil and the pumps that don't need pumpin! Goodby and good luck with them pigs.

Your dootiful son,
HIRAM.

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Cheery Chatter

Did you notice the manner in which Adolph Petit is perambulating around the campus? No wonder, he's marshal of both the R. C. and the C. L. S. "Atta" boy, Davie. Abe Lincoln was also a farmer boy of Illinois.

The Boarding School Prayer

Good bread, good meat,
Fried spuds, red beets,
Apple pie, good eats,
Gee gang, grab a seat.

In Chemistry

Prof.: "What is AS203?"

Roach: "I—I—I—It's right on the tip of my tongue—"

Prof.: (alarmed) "Spit it out! Spit it out! It's arsenic!!"

Lauer: "Hey, Johnny, what has four legs and flies?"

Klen: "Two ducks."

Lauer: "All wrong; a dead horse."

Do You Remember Way Back When—

Dan Castello got a hair-cut?

"Red" Lyons invested in that old worn-out tooth-brush he uses every day?

John Roach slept one morning till the bell rang?

Gene Clemens had some teeth?

Bro. David cut hair for two-bits?

The Raleigh Club had real "hot" initiations?

They had a watermelon patch in Collegeville?

Lucke received those pink, fragrantly scented letters?

Quinlisk asked for "butts?"

Phil Rose deserved the tag "Fat"?

You had that last cup of coffee, COFFEE?

Bughouse Fables

Bastin filling "Bill" Flynn's shoes on the gridiron.

Joe Steckler's hair mussed.

Art Froehle not looking for something to eat.

Joe Sirovy with a Greek dictionary.

Art Powers with boxing gloves.

A meal at St. Joe's without apples.

Froehle: "How many insects does it take to make a landlord?"

Buckley: "Boy, you got me."

Froehle: "Ten ants."

We know we ain't so funny,
But gee, just try to laugh,
For boy, it ain't so easy
To dish you out this gaff.
Just tickle your insides,
And pull these on your pals
Or wait till you get home
And tell the village gals.

Bright Sayings of Freshmen

"Those old guys think they're fresh, throwing those rotten eggs in our drinking water."

"Say, Mister, how long will we be allowed to stay down town tonight?"

A physician says that the best way to reduce is to eat apples. This method reduced Adam very rapidly. (Note: This M. D. is no graduate of St. Joe, we'll bet.)

Learning is the great lever that will move the world. Woe to the world if it be learning without God. — Archbishop Kearne.

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